

# NEW YORK Saturday Journal A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 396

"WON'T YOU LET MY PAPA  
WORK?"

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

A touching incident occurred in a Western city during a great strike. A little girl, daughter of a workman, the wages of one of the leaders of the strike, went to the office of the superintendent, and, in piteous tones, told a tale of suffering, destitution and death, and besought him to reinstate her father in his for her position with an increase of wages.—*Paper.*

I'm only just a workman's child—

I hope I don't intrude;

I can't help it to tell to you,

But yet I'll not retreat.

I know the men have stopped the work—

It is a strike, they say—

But papa could not see us want,

Oh, won't you raise the pay?

Oh, won't you let my papa work?

And won't you pay him more?

Although you'd never miss the sum,

He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

I see that you are angry, sir;

Your looks are stern;

You would not turn him off—

He has our bread to earn—

The Lord has placed us in his care,

And he'd work ev'ry day

For just enough to buy our food!

Oh, won't you raise his pay?

You could not chide a drowning man

For catching at a straw;

How can you be so stern?

For breaking o'er the law?

My papa sits in silent woe,

And mamma cried to day,

Because she had no food for us!

Oh, won't you raise the pay?

In Heaven there's a God, I know,

That pities all the poor

And writes down charges on his book

And gives us ev'ry day

Who thinks a lab'ror's not a man;

I'm sure it leaves display,

With underscores, the names of those

Who have put down the pay!

Don't tell me to go from here,

'Cause you are busy now;

I've something more I wish to say,

If you will let me go;

We have'n't anything to eat,

And—*baby died to day!*

He'll speak a word to God for you,

If you will raise the pay!

I'm sure that you have got a wife

And little children too;

My papa loves us just as well

As yours will love you;

The world of all men is death,

The Holy Book does say—

And if you sin against the poor,

The Lord will raise your pay!

Oh, won't you let my papa work?

And won't you pay him more?

Although you'd never miss the sum,

He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

High up on a beetling crag, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.



High up on a beetling crag, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.

evidently not willing to believe that the two bold blades could have escaped.

"Yes, yes!" a dozen voices cried in chorus, "they were hit!"

"Oh, yes," Hassan continued, "I saw the tall fellow with the scarlet jacket stagger; he did not leap, he fell from the tower.

"Who knows what is beneath—water or rocks?" the renegade demanded.

"Water—twenty fathoms at the least," replied the old warden of the tower, who chanced to be one of the throng.

"And if a man leaped unburst from the tower what are the chances of his escaping?" questioned the renegade.

The warden shook his head.

"It is a fearful leap," he replied, evidently in doubt.

"And the result would be certain death, would it not, whether the man was unburst or not before he leaped?" Hassan cried.

In his own mind the Turk was fully satisfied that both of the adventurers had gone to their long home.

"By Allah! I cannot tell!" responded the warden. "No man ever yet made the attempt."

"And if they reached the water unburst, how far must they swim before they can make a landing on the shore?" Ismail Bey asked. He was just as positive that the two adventurers had escaped the bullets of his followers as they were positive to the contrary.

"Two hundred feet, go they either way," the old man replied.

"We lose time, then, dallying here!" the stern Moslem chief cried. "Away at once to the shore!" Hassan, go you to the south while I'll to the north. A hundred gold pieces to the man who discovers the Montenegrin!"

The false son of the noble old mountain race had jumped at once to the nativity of the man who had, at such an untimely hour, wedded Scutari's countess.

Away then, on the instant, the troopers hurried. With hasty steps they raced down the massive stair-case and out through the great stone portals.

Outside the tower the party divided, one squad sped away to the south, the other to the north, and both came to the water's edge just by the ends of the fortress.

The torches flared along the shore and the reflections danced far out on the crest of the waves, but fruitless was the search; no trace of either of the two adventurers could be discovered.

"To-morrow the sea will wash their bodies up on the shore," one of the Turkish officers suggested.

A dark look came over the renegade's face, but he said nothing. It was plain that he was puzzled and was not fully satisfied that the daring man who had come before him and his cherished plans had found a grave in the waters of the Adriatic.

It was a mystery to the wily renegade how the marriage had been arranged, but he believed the Montenegrin to be some lover of the countess who had followed his mistress and had arrived just in time to be of service to her.

Still looking around intently, the quick eyes of the false Montenegrin perceived a tiny white speck afar off in the gloom, dancing upon the bosom of the wave.

"What is that?" he cried; "is it a boat under sail, or do my eyes deceive me?"

"It is a boat, your excellency," answered one of the officers—"a fishing craft, probably, beating into a harbor."

"I am sure that they were hit!" Hassan cried,

"To me she seems as if she were standing out to sea," Ismail Bey observed, after a long, steady gaze.

"It may be so—it is so, I think," the other assented.

"No need to look further!" the Turkish leader exclaimed. "The men we seek are in yonder boat. She was passing near to the tower when they leaped from it; she picked them up, and now they seek safety in flight."

But not one of the group coincided with the renegade in this opinion, although none chose to say so.

One and all, the general excepted, fully and firmly believed that the two men had found a grave beneath the swelling waters.

Hassan and his party came up.

"Well?" the renegade demanded in his abrupt, stern way, although it was hardly necessary for him to put the question, for he plainly read failure in the face of his officer.

"Nothing, your excellency, no trace at all."

"Do you observe a fishing-boat standing out from the land?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"It is a hundred chances to one that our men are on board of that boat."

Hassan looked incredulous.

"In the morning search the coast up and down for twenty miles at least and find the captain who sails yonder boat. Have a placard issued offering a reward of a hundred pieces of gold for information which will lead to the capture of either one of these two men."

Hassan bowed.

The renegade beckoned the Turk apart.

"Call a council of my chief officers here in the tower at twelve to night; there is mischief afoot, I fear. We have lost the Scutari district, and we must strike a severe blow at once or else we will have the Scutari men-at-arms on the Montenegrin side; but if we can succeed in dispersing this Montenegrin force in the Duga pass, we may at least hold Scutari neutral."

Hassan proceeded at once upon his mission and the renegade entered the tower.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE RENEGADE'S PLAN.

STRAIGHT to the apartment of the countess the renegade proceeded. He entered without ceremony and found the two ladies standing by the great oval window looking out upon the sea, anxiously peering down into the darkness beneath.

Catherine, with all her haughty pride, had felt concerned for the safety of the man who had so boldly thrust his head into the lion's mouth for her sweet sake.

Quick in wit, as women naturally are, she had dispatched the old priest to learn how the fray had ended, and the aged Ivan ascertained without difficulty from the first Turkish soldier whom he had encountered that the two adventurers had been chased to the roof of the old tower and from the parapet, to escape the Moslem bullets, had boldly leaped into the sea.

A fear'ul chance for life!

"Am I a widow then, almost as soon as wedded?" the countess murmured, as she gazed from the window of the old tower upon the inky gulf beneath and listened to catch the sound which would tell of a strong man's struggle against grim death.

Afar up and down along the shore, beyond the walls of the tower, she could see the torches of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the darkness of the night, and every now and then to

lands. This man came—a perfect stranger to me, and when I questioned him as to his name, and he replied that he was called the Scarlet Captain, I was content. He accepted the terms I imposed; a husband I must have, and he answered the purpose. No lover of mine, though nothing but a tool which I descended to use in the dire emergency wherein your craft had placed me."

Ismail Bey saw that the lady spoke but the truth and his bold heart admired the daring which had seized upon the sole chance to defeat the plan which would have wrested her lands from her.

In truth it was a brave heart that Catherine of Scutari carried within her woman's breast.

"And now that your scheme is set at naught will you bid the gates of this tower open that I may pass freely to my home?" the lady demanded.

Again the sinister smile on the face of the renegade.

"I said the first trick was yours," he replied, "put the second and the game, upon which your fortunes are staked, I intend to win."

Fire flashed from the brilliant eyes of the countess, but with a great effort she restrained her anger.

"I do not understand," she said, coldly; "please explain."

"You have been married; the chances are that you are now a widow; you are here, in my hands, helpless, a prisoner. If your husband—this nameless adventurer, this Scarlet Captain—is alive, if he has escaped alike the bullets of my soldiers and the waters of the Adriatic, his death is only a question of time, for I shall hunt him down as steadily as the ravening wolves chase the stricken deer. When he is dead, you will be quite free to marry again, and the next time I'll take care that no interloper takes my place."

"This is terrible!" cried the countess, in heat;

"you will not dare!"

"Oh, will I not? Wait and see! John Belina, the outcast Montenegrin, has dared many things in crossing the gulf which lay between the penniless, friendless lad, driven from his home and kin, and the Governor of Albania, Ismail Bey. This bold adventurer, who has dared to cross my will, is doubtless one of the Montenegrin leaders of the force now holding the Pass of Duga. Within three days I'll cut a way through the pass and send this rabble, which calls itself an army, hurrying to their mountain homes. With a heel of iron I'll stamp Montenegro to the dust and make these stubborn mountaineers curse the hour when they were rash enough to brave the power of their master, the Turkish Sultan, and bring upon them the mailed hand of stern-faced war!"

"The Turk has never yet subdued the free mountaineers of Montenegro," Catherine answered spiritedly; "and Russia will never stand tamely by and see a Christian people trampled beneath the feet of the Moslem."

"Wait and see; but whether Montenegro succeeds or fails, you at least shall not escape me. I will keep you safely here until I either ascertain that this bold adventurer is dead, or else succeed in capturing him, in which case, I'll shoot him on the instant. Then you will be free to accept my suit. It is long years, Catherine, since your father drove me from his door because I dared to lift my eyes to you, but the memory of the wrong is as fresh as though it happened only yesterday. The whirligig of time has brought me my revenge, and by my soul I swear that nothing on this earth has power to turn me from my purpose. Your face made me false to my country—drove me forth an outcast, and now only your sweet self can atone for the past. Let no vain hope of escape delude you; the tower is well guarded and every precaution taken. To-morrow I march against the insurgents, and when I return, Catherine, you shall be mine!"

And then the renegade withdrew from the apartment, leaving behind him consternation, but not despair.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ADVANCE.

At midnight in the old tower the council of war was held.

The advent of the commander-in-chief had been expected for some time, and, consequently, all was in readiness for an advance in force the moment he arrived and gave the word.

An army of some ten thousand men the Turks had collected in the territory adjacent to the old tower; an army of observation, merely, it was said, but the sturdy mountaineers knew better. They fully understood that when the hour was ripe the Moslem host would sweep through the defiles of Montenegro with all the fury of the mountain avalanche, leaving naught but death and destruction in their track.

native mountains—had not been idle while the Turkish host lay at Dulcigno; like the rolling ball of snow, it grew larger and larger.

Warlike news travels with a fleet foot, and within three days after the first squadron of Bashi Bazouks rode by the old dark tower and went into camp in the forest bordering on the sea which commanded the high road to the north, not a lonely village amid the Montenegrin mountains, perched like eagles' nests amid the hills of pine, but knew that the insatiate Turk threatened their own free, native land, and that warriors were needed.

Descendants of the warlike Greeks of old, a nation of shepherd warriors, to throw aside the peaceful tools of agriculture and seize the weapons of war, was but as a second nature.

And so, rushing down from their mountain fastnesses as the wild torrents pour after the thunder lowers and the lightnings flash, the bold and hardy mountaineers seized upon the Pass of Duga, the natural avenue to the Montenegrin land. As to the number of these wild warriors even the well-trained Turkish spies were at fault. One reported a thousand men; another, five thousand.

Little wonder that the wily renegade, perplexed by the conflicting accounts, sought to flank the strong position occupied by the Montenegrin army, rather than attempt to force a passage through the Pass—who was he?

If Madam Rumor lied about the number of the Christian host, lied she still more recklessly and wildly in regard to the name of the man who, by his first move on the great chess-board of war, had caused skillful Ismail Bey to knit his brows, pull his beard, curse the chance and wonder how he could give a Roland for the Oliver so adroitly tendered.

Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro, was the lineal ruler over the mountain land, but Nicholas was a boy, so termed by the Turkish veterans, one who had

"Never set a squadron in the field  
Nor the decision of a battle knew more than a spinster."

And was he, fresh from finishing his education in la belle Paris, gayest city of the old Eastern world, the man to leap at once into the saddle of command—the seat of generalship—and with one single move set at naught the skill of the able Turkish generals?

Oh, no! such an idea was utterly absurd!

The Montenegrin prince, full of French polish, the rough mountaineer lacquered over by the civilization of the wickedest city in all the world, might do well enough to figure in a court-suit and perform the stately ceremonies of power, but to grasp the war-horse's rein, lead men to battle, join the fray where cracked crowns and bloody wounds were to be got and given—no, not he!

The great Russian bear was at the bottom of the mystery.

As perfidious Albion, crafty-trading England had lent Hobart Pasha to the Turks, and so strengthened the Moslem navy with a little Anglo-Saxon oak, so the far-seeing, far-reaching Russian, his eye on Constantinople, his paw on the Black Sea, had sent some white-headed, sage old general—some Dumskroski or Wiskeranoff, grown gray in service beneath the Russian eagles, to head the Montenegrin army.

And then another flying—and lying, perchance—report. The Montenegrin general was a mountaineer born, but who had been educated in the Russian service expressly for such an emergency.

But, be there truth or falsehood in these reports, there was no denying that the first action of the Montenegrin commander had caused the able Turkish generals to put on their thinking-caps.

Ofian Agam, who, as a cavalry commander, stood second to no captain in the Turkish service, despite his blundering ways, had been assigned to the task of discovering some avenue to turn the Montenegrin position.

The Irishman, good judge of human nature, searched carefully until he found a fellow he thought could be trusted, provided he was paid well enough.

From this man, a native of the soil, by occupation a shepherd, the Bashi-Bazouk officer ascertained that there was a lonely footpath over the mountain through which the Pass of Duga led.

With two companions, fowling-pieces in hand, in disguise, and apparently on sport intent, the Irishman explored the lonely way.

He found the words of the shepherd true in every particular.

Up and over and through the beetling crags the path ran, and finally debouched into the level plain a short half-mile north of the northern end of the Duga Pass.

To transport artillery over the mountain by means of the obscure path was impossible, but a regiment of men or a squadron of horse could easily travel the steep and uncertain way.

Here then was an easy solution of the problem which had perplexed the Turkish commanders.

A few thousand men engaged the attention of the Montenegrins in the Pass, a strong column could, by means of the mountain road, be thrown abruptly on the rear of the Christian position.

Of course, this movement accomplished, the total destruction of the Montenegrin army must follow.

At one o'clock the council separated, and with the daylight, the Turkish column, the renegade in command, plunged into the defile and commenced the flank movement, while Mukhtar Pasha prepared to amuse the mountaineers by a sham attack in their front.

High up on a beetling crag, concealed amid the sturdy pines, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.

"God is great!" cried the Scarlet Captain, for one of the men was he. "Your army is delivered, helpless, into my hands!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)

"Our boy Swipes," says a California paper, "is a regular attendant at Sunday school. Last Sunday his teacher was explaining a chapter to the class in the Book of Kings. After delivering herself of what she thought to be a very entertaining discourse, she asked the class, 'What is a king?' This was a poser to the class. Finally our boy Swipes, who is the pride of the Sunday school, held up his hand. This made his teacher smile benignly, for she was proud to see him so ready with an answer; so she said, 'Well, Swipes, what is a king?' 'Well, miss, you see, when you get in the king row and put a checker on him, why then he's a king; and when somebody leads jack, and another fellow plays a queen on pedro, you can make his eyes hang out by taking 'em both with a king!'"

### MY MOUNTAINS.

BY J. L. STODDARD.

I watch them, as the king of day retires,  
Like royal couriers hold his purple train,  
Their glittering summits tipped with golden fire,  
Their bases darkening in the gloom-wrapt plain.

Yon lustrous peak weighs down o'er lea,  
Its glories, like a star, is to me Moon's pale,  
Those tiny circlets strung o'er the steep,  
Are hardy travelers on its mighty flank.

Such have I seen it from the Alpine vale,  
In whose warm lap the frosty glaciers melt—  
Strange that this radiant mist, so soon to pale,  
Can thus reveal the thrill by Leman felt!

That tapering cone, o'er whose resplendent brow  
A floating wreath of roseate vapor curls,  
Is Vulcan's dreadd mount, which oft as now  
'O'er Naples' peaceful bay its plume unfurls.

And this, the fairest, on whose spangled sheep  
The sun's last beams with trebled ardor rest,  
Naught else can be than Interlaken's queen,  
A thousand jewels on her snowy breast!

Yon graceful form thus flecked with pearl white,  
Suggests the pride of Marathon's curved shore,  
Whose pure Pentelic wealth still greets the sight,  
For sculptors' hands, alas! exhausted no more!

And this majestic, ever-darkening peak,  
Which here in lines of deepest azure bears,  
Its clear-cut profile against eve's glowing cheek,  
Like Egypt's grandest Pyramid appears!

Thus to my fancy in the waning light  
My chosen mountains like loved friends return—  
And greet me till they shroud themselves in night,  
While from their depths the rolling planets burn.

### The Bouquet Girl;

OR,

### HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE,  
AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE  
STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DE-  
TECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF  
ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### A FOUL OUTRAGE.

"NINE o'clock, diavolo!" cried the adventurer, angrily, as he listened to the sound of the bells. "It is so late, then?"

"It is nine," the colonel assented, in his stolid way.

"And ze young man—ze actor, Craige, comes soon after nine; we have no time to lose; we must be quick or else we shall have our labor for our pains. I must insure our bird, at once!"

The carriage was drawn up to the curbstone just below the old tenement house, the horses' heads facing toward Hester street.

The colonel was on the box all muffled up and striving to appear as much like a regular driver as possible. The adventurer had descended to the sidewalk.

"I will proceed at once," he said; "turn you ze horses around and drive right up in front of ze door; then jump down and be ready to assist me—ready to place yourself between us and ze corner, so that no one can see me place ze girl in ze coach. Be tranquil! keep your head and we shall not fail."

Then the Italian marched into the old brick barracks, while the colonel proceeded to carry out his instructions.

Straight up the stairs walked the Italian until he arrived at the door of the apartments occupied by the old Irishwoman with whom the Bouquet-Girl had found refuge.

Upon his arm the adventurer carried a heavy gray traveling shawl, and in his hand was a small sponge.

The Italian seemed to possess the catlike faculty of seeing in the dark, for the gloom that reigned supreme within the entry did not appear to disconcert him in the least. When he arrived at the door, he paused, listened for a moment, then took a small bottle from his pocket and poured the contents upon the sponge.

A strong, subtle odor filled the damp and murky atmosphere, at which the Italian shook his head.

"She will smell this—she cannot help it; ah! but will she suspect? Oh, no! it is not probable."

It was a bold game the adventurer was playing, and now at the eleventh hour his heart began to fail him; he felt a doubt of success, so hesitated to knock.

"If I am caught it is ze State Prison," he murmured, "but for what do I play? A half a million of dollars! Is it not worth ze risk?"

With a desperate effort he screwed his courage to the sticking point and knocked at the door.

His design was a simple one—to pretend to the girl that he had some important information to communicate regarding Mr. Craige; swear that the young actor was in danger; entice her out into the entry under the pretense that his information was so important that it must not be overheard by any one; and then, when once the door was closed, the sponge saturated with chloroform and the heavy shawl must perform their offices.

He had little fear that the old Irishwoman in person might interfere with his plan, but if she took the alarm, her cries would arouse the neighborhood, and then "good-by" to all hope of success.

In obedience to his summons the door opened and the Bouquet-Girl appeared in person.

"Hush, signora!" cried the Italian, mysteriously; "betray you no sign of surprise! To serve you I come. That noble young man, ze Signor Craige—he is in great danger; you can save him, but no one else in ze wide world

must know that in ze matter I have a hand, as it may cost a-me my life! Please step you outside and then to you I will explain; ze lady inside must not hear!"

Frank dreamed of no danger—had no thought of evil. "The lady is out at present, so speak freely; no one can overhear you," she said, at once. The name of Craige was the open-secret to her confidence.

And then, in the heart of the scheming Italian, came a great thrill of joy. Success seemed certain.

"Ah, signora, if you will have ze kindness to permit me to enter," he said, bowing humbly.

"Certainly."

And as the Bouquet-Girl turned half-around, came the villain's opportunity. He seized the unsuspecting girl in his vice-like grasp. One broad hand he placed upon her mouth, thus stifling any attempt to alarm the house; with the other hand he applied the sponge, saturated with the potent drug, to her nostrils.

He held her against his breast, so that it was almost impossible for her to move.

Vain she strove to resist the effects of the powerful drug, for now, too late, she fully realized that she was the victim of a terrible outrage, but the firm hand pressed over her mouth, and the sponge applied directly to her nostrils cut off the supply of air, and, resist as she might, nature was yielding.

Her senses began to reel; her breath came thick and heavy; all around her grew suddenly dark, and then a great wheel, throwing a vast shower of brilliant sparks, seemed to revolve within her brain; the wheel burst and all was darkness.

The drooping head, the light, helpless form, only kept from sinking prone upon the floor by the powerful arms of the adventurer, revealed to him that the girl was wholly in his power.

No time was to be lost, for the old Irishwoman might return at any moment; then, too, it was nearly time for Craige to make his appearance.

Sustaining the unconscious form with one of his strong arms, he folded the shawl carefully around her, and then, raising the girl in his arms, her identity almost completely concealed by the heavy muffle, he prepared to descend.

First he carefully closed the door of the apartment, so that the entry way was again wrapped in utter darkness, and then rapidly turned down the stairs.

"Diavolo!" he muttered; "it will not be well for any one to attempt to stop me now, for I am desperate! I play for a great stake, and I mean to win at any cost!"

Fortune—fickle jade! favors the brave, they say; and also the desperate, too, for in this case the Italian succeeded admirably in his risky attempt. He reached the street door without encountering a soul.

In obedience to orders, the colonel had the coach-door open, and stood ready to assist his leader.

"Up to ze box and drive off," the leader exclaimed, as he advanced with his burden.

Not a soul was within sight, excepting the people passing by on Grand street, at the corner; and of course, at such a distance, in the darkness, no danger was to be apprehended from them.

The colonel climbed to the driver's seat as fast as his clumsy limbs would permit, but before he had got the reins fairly in hand, the principal, with his helpless burden, was safely ensconced within the coach with the door snugly closed.

The colonel started the horses, and the brutes, ugly, clumsy animals, struck into a lumbering trot.

Down the street they went, and turned into Grand, and as the coach rolled past Center Market, the keen-eyed Italian, ever on the watch, detected the tall, manly figure of the young actor, Craige, evidently proceeding to his home.

"By all the devils below!" cried the Italian, drawing a long breath, "but this has been a narrow shave. Five minutes more—three minutes even—and he would have caught me coming out of ze house. And what then?" he cried, sinking back upon the seat and clutching at the air with his nervous fingers. "Would I have a let him rob me of ze prize? No, no, not while this hand can wield a dagger!"

CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

The carriage did not proceed directly to the lair of the Italians, but took a roundabout course. This was done in order to baffle pursuit if any prying eye had been attracted to the coach.

Through Grand street to Broadway they went, up Broadway to Spring street, through Spring to Crosby, directly past the dingy, two-story brick house where the abductor occupied apartments; but did not stop. The route had been carefully arranged beforehand, and the object of driving past the house was to see if the coast was clear. The street was dark, almost deserted; fortune indeed seemed to favor the vole.

Straight around the block they drove until they came again in front of the house; then the colonel halted the horses; the man within descended from the coach with the insensible girl in his arms and entered the house.

The two men occupied the basement floor, entrance to which was gained by a passage under the front stoop.

Raising the light figure of the girl carefully in his strong arms, the Italian descended the ladder, and then, when he had gained the floor below, he proceeded to deposit his precious burden in the narrow room which his craft had provided for her.

He placed her upon the rude couch, removed the shawl which had been carefully wrapped around her head, and then, fetching the lantern, which he stood upon the table, he proceeded to carefully examine the condition of the unconscious prisoner.

Quiet as the inmate of a tomb, the Bouquet-Girl lay. At the first glance the Italian believed that she was dead.

"Diavolo!" he cried, in consternation; "if I have killed her all ze fat is in ze fire! Was ze drug too strong? Oh, no! I have used more than that before; but perhaps she is weaker than I thought. She may have been afflicted with heart-disease; if so, ze drug might produce a fatal effect. If she is dead, then am I a cheated man."

No word of pity for the girl—no regret for the perpetration of the foul outrage; only an oath and a bitter thought that the half a million of "dollars" would escape him, after all of his trouble.

But his apprehension was unfounded; the Bouquet-Girl was in their power, and the abduction had excited no suspicion.

Both the two men were occupied in the basement; the girl was not dead, and slowly, little by little, the color came back to her face.

The Italian at once perceived how suitable a place it would be to keep the girl securely. Once she was safe in the cellar, little danger that she could either escape or succeed in giving an alarm.

The first thing was to gain access to the cellar. The two men had formerly occupied a room in the garret, but when the adventurer formed the plan to abduct the girl, he thought of the haunted excavation, so securely closed to all the world; no better place to hide the girl away could possibly be found.

And, as luck would have it, the two basements over the cellar were unoccupied.

He at once sat to work promptly; he hired the front basement and the colonel the back one; this was done so as not to excite suspicion, which might have been raised if one man had taken both rooms.

The basements secured, the next thing was to cut a trap door in the floor and construct a rude ladder, so as to get into the vault. This was not a hard task, and was soon accomplished.

SONG.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

I saw them stand to sever,  
And "Never!" did she say;  
And never means forever—  
Forever and always.

The bitter self-denial  
How could she comprehend?  
And the lifelong, fiery trials  
That follows without end.

For at night she dreamt about him,  
And the mind was writhing the pain,  
And the soul is sad without him,  
And the songs to sleep again.

I saw them stand to sever,  
And "Never!" did she say;  
And never means forever—  
Oh, forever and always!

The Californians:

OR, THE

Rivals of the Valley of Gold.

A ROMANCE OF FEATHER RIVER.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FAIR SUIPLANT.

THROUGH the pass beyond the live-oak tree came a single rider, mounted upon a beautifully-spotted mustang, whose like had never stretched out at full speed. Across the level space, over the bloody rifle-trench at a single bound, nor drawing rein until so near that the little group instinctively parted and fell back on either side lest they should be ridden down, she came, pale and breathless as though from a long and hard race against time. Never before had Inez Mendoza looked so gloriously beautiful as when she sprang to the ground and crouched beside the prostrate form of her father, one hand upon his blood-stained breast, the other grasping a brightly-flashing knife.

"He is my father, gentlemen," she uttered, at length, as none of the party seemed inclined to break the silence. "I came for him—willing to go away and never trouble you again. I am sure if he was injured, it is of you."

"I have a father an' four brothers when he fast come on us," interrupted Zabdiel Gray, in a strangled calm tone. "They's only us two, now. We can't fetch back the dead, but we kin take vengeance on the man as murdered 'em. That be lays. He belongs to us. Nobody kin take him away while we breathe. That is my say-so. An' yore we two stan' ready to make our words good, ag'in' one or ag'in' the hull crowd."

"You will gain no friends by insulting a lady," sternly interposed Ned Allen, stepping before Zabdiel Gray. "We can make some allowances for your losses; but are you the only sufferer? Keep your tongue within bounds, or it may run into trouble. This is not the first time I have had to warn you."

"Which nobody dillin' ax you for; mind that. You come without axin', an' of you ain't suited with our ways o' doin' an' talkin', you kin go back the same trail as you come. We ax no help from nobody; nor we don't low nobody to come atween us an' our duty. Now you've got it!"

"He means murder—I can see it in his eyes!" cried the maiden, crouching closer as though she would shield her father with her own life. "Senor, I appeal to you. You look like an honest man. You will not permit my father to be assassinated?"

"I can promise you that," quickly replied Allen. "I am a stranger here, and do not understand all that has passed. But I can promise you this, in the name of my comrades, as well. Will you trust me?"

The maiden looked full into his eyes, and there read his truth and honesty. She extended her hand, impulsively.

"I will trust you! Only—be merciful as well as just. He is my father—all I have to love on earth."

Ned Allen bowed without speaking. He did not dare trust his tongue just then, with those glorious eyes so near his own, and that warm clasp upon his hand.

Meanwhile, Jotham Grey had been conversing earnestly with his younger brother, whom he had drawn to one side. Apparently his arguments were not without effect, for Zabdiel grew calmer and more subdued.

Grimbling Dick Barnes, who possessed a slight spattering of surgical knowledge, was hustled over the Californian, who was already recovering his senses. There was a long but not very deep knife-wound, slanting across his chest, two grazes from pistol-shots, and a severe bruise upon the head. Loss of blood had weakened him, but his injuries were by no means dangerous. Half an hour later the wounds were all bandaged as neatly as circumstances would admit. By this time, too, the Californian had heard enough to realize the full force of his situation, and though he appeared but little concerned as to the result, there was an occasional quiver of his lip, an uneasy expression in his half-closed eyes.

During Grimbling Dick's ministrations, Ned Allen had held a consultation with his comrades, in which the two brothers joined. Jotham—for Zabdiel scarcely opened his lips—firmly demanded that the prisoner be put upon trial; that the whole truth be told on both sides, and that, if he and his brother should prove their case, the assassin should be handed over to them for punishment in proportion to his crimes.

Though sorely perplexed—and Ned was honest enough to secretly admit that the case would have been far less complicated had Inez not appeared, or even if she had been less dazzlingly beautiful—Allen could not deny that the brothers had a right to demand this trial, and admitted as much. After that the preliminaries were quickly completed. Dick Barnes pronounced the patient fully able to stand his trial, and no man could tell what another hour might bring forth, it was decided to lose no more time.

"But first," said Allen, setting the example by removing the weapon from his belt, and laying them at a little distance upon the ground. "Let every man do as I do. There have been hard words between us already, and there may be more before all is done. To save trouble let us remove all temptation."

Only Zabdiel made any objections, but a whispered word from Jotham subdued the young savage, and he quietly disposed of his pistols, knife and rifle beside the others.

Supported by his daughter, the Californian entered a little circle. In consideration of his weakness, he was permitted to rest himself upon a wooden bucket produced from the wagon for that purpose. Beside him stood his daughter, pale and anxious.

At a motion from Allen, Jotham Grey stepped forward and tersely narrated what had occurred from the moment of their entering the valley. He made no comments, attempted no rhetoric, but simply and strongly stated his case, then drew aside, after repeating his charge of deliberate and unprovoked murder against the prisoner.

But Zabdiel was not satisfied with this tame speech. He flung aside the restraining hand of his brother and addressed Allen.

"I've got jest on me to say. We kem here to Lodi, California, jest as thousands o' others did. We found it by a accident. That man come an' swore it war his, an' talked to us like dogs. God made the gold free to all who could find it. We told him so, an' he rid away. What next? He steals upon us in the night. My brother war talkin' with his wife that war to be. He never gave us warnin', but up an' shot him like a dog, from the dark! Ef that ain't murder, then I'm a fool. The rest you know. That wasn't so bad. It war a fair fight, an' each man had to take his chances. But t'other war murder—

black, foul murder! An' it calls for blood! Thar! I've said my say, an' I feel easier now."

"What have you to say in reply to these charges?" asked Allen of the Californian.

Don Estevan promptly arose, returning Zabdiel's look with a scornful smile.

"I had intended to keep silent," spoke the Californian in a cold, even tone; "but in justice to myself I must speak a few words—not to answer those men, but to set myself right with you gentlemen. I have been accused of playing the brand as a lie."

"On that night I was at home, in my own house, as my daughter here can testify. What I have done I am ready to admit. This land, as far as the eye can reach—is my property, purchased by my father and bequeathed to me at his death. I can produce the original paper, can prove my identity—when asked to do so by those whom I can meet upon equal terms. I warned these persons. They laughed at me. I gave them time—four and twenty hours. Then I visited them here, and repeated the warning. Again they refused, and persisted in trespassing. Then I treated them as such. Only for you, gentlemen, I would have made my threats good. The rest you know, but, one word. You have espoused their cause, and made their quarrel yours. Now I warn you. This is my land. Go seek your gold elsewhere. You shall never succeed here. I have sworn it."

There was a momentary silence as the Californian ceased speaking, and which was broken by Inez, who earnestly corroborated the words of her father. He had been with her at the very time the murder was said to have been committed.

Allen whispered for a few moments with Harry Lane, who sat beside him, then stepped forward.

"There has been but one charge of murder, and I consider that the prisoner has shown himself wholly innocent of that crime. There has been much blood shed since, but all in fair fight, where life was pitted against life. I have lost five dear friends, and though I mourn their loss, I do not consider they were *murdered*. I move, then, that we let this man go, as he stands in his own condition. Let him pledge himself to make no further trouble, to leave us in peace to depart or remain as we choose, to restrain his followers from molesting us. We will be satisfied with his word of honor to observe these conditions sacredly. Have I spoken your thoughts, friends?"

Five men promptly responded ay, but the two brothers were silently silent. Their own words had even turned against them since they had acknowledged that only Eben had been assassinated. Then a stern glance of pleasure shot from Inez, after she had been disarmed and his ribs bound, believing that her entreaties would have more effect upon him than my threats."

Meanwhile Gospel George, if not accused, had rather sharply been requested to explain his part in the recent night's work when the prospectors were left afoot in the mountains, and to his movements since. He met all the circumstances the prospectors had fair cause for suspecting him to have been in league with the horse-thief. In his own peculiar style, he gave his explanation, yet with a clearness and candor that could not fail to conviction to the hearts of his hearers. He recalled his encounter with the pretended Sorrel-top, of his secret—watch and all—had followed. Of his following the trail, of the ambush, the capture, his vain attempt at escape, of the interview with Fiery Fred and all that ensued, concealing nothing save his own mission of vengeance.

"An' now you've got the hull re-cord," he added, quietly. "I followed them here. I saw somebody—I didn't know 'twas you fellers until it was all over—was in a tucky tight box, an' I jest sailed in for all that was out. I reckon I killed night a hundred of the umps afore they pukachowed. I'd a' wiped out the hull lot, only I didn't like to act the hog. They skeedaddled an' so did I—for the hoss-critters. Yonder they be, fair-lodin' animals, too. Ef you fellers wanna have your'n. Turn about's fair play; Fiery Fred tuck your mules; now you kin take his horses."

"But you captured them—"

"An' I give 'em to you fellers, for thinkin' me a hoss-thief an' ordinary dead-beat besides," grinned Gospel George. "Ef they was min's, now! No, boys; that they stan'. Take 'em or leave 'em; I don't like to act the hog. They skeedaddled an' so did I—for the hoss-critters. Yonder they be, fair-lodin' animals, too. Ef you fellers wanna have your'n. Turn about's fair play; Fiery Fred tuck your mules; now you kin take his horses."

Allen made a gesture of assent. He could not speak.

Gently Inez led her father aside, and then whispered rapidly in his ear. From beneath his long lashes the Californian shot a swift glance around. The spotted mustang whickered joyously and trotted up to its mistress. Had she made a signal, perceptible to it alone? If so, it promptly obeyed.

Zabdiel and Jotham, with cries of suspicion, started forward. But they were too late. As adroitly as though never injured, Don Estevan sprang into the saddle and galloped swiftly away, with a shrill whistle.

Leaving himself in full length across the pile of weapons, digging her fingers deep into the earth, the better to resist the angry grasp of the brothers. And it seemed as though she would succeed in her desperate plan, for the fugitive reached the live-oak tree ere she could be removed. But then—horse and rider fell heavily together, as a sharp report rung out from the bushes beyond.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

GOSPEL GEORGE was like one stunned, stupefied, when his closest search failed to discover any trace of his hated enemy, Fiery Fred. He had seen the man fall at the report of his pistol, and had such implicit faith in his hand and eye that he gave his undivided attention to the remaining Night Riders. And, yet, as he watched the outlaw's flight, he could not but be filled with his surviving bandits. It was an enigma to him, and came upon him like a thunder-clap, for the moment completely unmasking him. But this was of brief duration. His indomitable spirit reasserted itself. There was yet a chance. The outlaw surely was hurt—perhaps severely. He might still be overtaken ere he could reach his retreat.

With this hope growing in his heart and obliterating all other considerations, Gospel George struck off along the trail followed by the majority of the fugitives. Despite his almost frantic energy, the old man was not working blindfold nor at random. He reasoned that Fiery Fred would make the best of his way to a mountain retreat, where he could laugh at his enemies with a little time as possible, and of course would take the nearest practicable route. Taking a wide circuit, Gospel George closely scrutinized the ground, carefully measuring every track, and finally his search was rewarded. The black frown deepened upon his face as he followed the trail for several hundred yards. The regularity of the footsteps, the length of stride, spoke only too plainly to his eyes. He knew that Fiery Fred had escaped the fight almost if not quite unscathed.

"The devil stan's by his own, but will it always be so? No, I can't believe that; ef I did, I'd die cussin' heaven an' earth than that is in them. My time'll come, son, it will! I've got on his trail an' I'll never leave it again! I'll stand for a meathound old man. I'm a comin', never fear! Ef I turn my back for a minit, it's only to—"

He looked to his weapons, and found that only the little revolver taken from Paquita remained loaded. He had no other ammunition, no food, nothing in which to carry water. It would be rank folly for him to start along the trail so poorly provided for its vicissitudes, and though reluctantly, he retraced his steps toward the camp beside the lake.

While still within the line of bushes he suddenly halted. He could see the little group beside the trench. He saw the Californian stand upon the mustang; saw the impudent action of the young woman, and from the excited cries and gestures of the gold-hunters, had little difficulty in riddling the whole affair. Though ignorant of the prisoner's identity, he resolved to frustrate the attempted escape, and without moving from his tracks he awaited the fugitive's approach.

"I must see you again—at this spot, to-morrow morning!"

Then she galloped rapidly after her father.

legged critter gits low down enough to steal mules—"

"Easy, stranger—jes' b'ar in mind, ef you please, that my Roxy Ann is of the she-mule persuasion. I'd rather eat coyote hash for a livin' then to hear any o' her 'tations bused by them as hain't made the seat a study like this chicken heas. A mule, feller-citizens, is a livin' monument o'—"

"We'll take your word for it, old man," bluntly interposed Allen. "Just now we have more important business on hand than—"

"Listening to a feller prasin' up his own family," grimed Barnes, parenthetically.

"Drown it, Don Estevan! No time for that! Catch hold and help carry the prisoner back to camp. And you, stirrer keep with us. I don't doubt but you can explain everything satisfactorily, at least I sincerely trust so."

"I kin explain anythin' short of a woman," coolly responded Gospel George, as he followed the little party on to camp.

Inez, trembling like a leaf, met them half-way, sobbing pitifully over her parent, whom she believed dead. Allen sought to comfort her, but with little success, until the rude restoratives—whisky and cold water from the lake—freely used by Grimbling Dick, restored the Californian's senses.

The sudden and unexpected reverse, when he fell from his horse and his grasp was not without its effect upon Don Estevan, and his proud spirit was perceptibly shaken. Ned Allen wisely sent back to camp. And you, stirrer keep with us. I don't doubt but you can explain everything satisfactorily, at least I sincerely trust so."

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DR. TURNER'S NEW STORY!

To Commence in Our Next!

Margoun, the Strange;

OR,

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "COLLEGE RIVALS," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC.

With action almost wholly laid in New York City and at "Grayling Grange"—a magnificent estate on Lake Ontario, the author presents equally strange characters, strange incidents and strange situations. The hates of

Two Vengeful Brothers—the wiles and arts of

A Beautiful Adventuress—the strength and weakness of

A Deluded Old Man—the antagonists of beauty,

The Blonde and Brunette—the man of noble soul,

The Master of the Lodge—the noble devotion of

Margoun, the Strange, a Hindoo Prince in disguise, all are unusually strong and effective *dramatis personae*, whom the author, in his usual intense narrative style, leads through the mazes of a singularly exciting and powerful life drama. It will be given a hearty welcome.

### Sunshine Papers.

#### Of Something To Do.

"Or something to do?" Yes, of something to do that will make your own room bright and beautiful, if you are persevering and kind-hearted. Why, the dining-room, and the sitting-room, and the parlor, and the kitchen—if you have a home containing all these rooms, if not the one room that you have—may be made so like fairy-land, by your kind fingers and a little daily care on your part, that father will grow young again; and mother's sad face will brighten into constant joyousness; and Biddy will be cross less often when the stove doesn't draw well and the ironing hangs about several days over its wonted time; and the boys will ask their friends to "drop in and spend the evening" instead of always taking up their hats to "go see a fellow" as soon as supper is ended. And this "something," if done with a kindly desire to make home more beautiful, to foil temptation by purifying influences, to give pleasure to the brothers and the sisters, the gentle mother and the care-worn father, the invalid friend and the faithful servant, will count for as much, ay, more before the Eternal Justice, as many a rich man's alms.

"Of something to do." And how shall you commence? Well, first the woodland, and the rocky, shady bits of roadside, shall help you. Bring home a basket full of roots of ferns, and vines, and all the plants that are small and pretty and grow in wild shady places; and another basket full of the rich black mold that you can dig up in the woods; and another basket full of green mosses. Now go in the garret, and hunt among the rubbish, and see what treasures you can find there. Bring down all the old baskets, and small shallow wooden boxes; and, if you cannot find those, get a wire ox-muzzle, or a deep earthen dish. Baskets and wire receptacles must be completely and compactly lined with moss, the green side showing through the wicker work. Next fill with mold, and your wild ferns, and plants and vines and grasses, and finish the top with a layer of moss. Your boxes and earthen dishes need only moss at the top. The boxes may be papered, or painted, or covered with bits of gay cloth. In deep window-sills, where there is not too much sun, or on little old tables (their shabbiness hidden by a cover), or in out-of-the-way corners of the room—upon a bit of board or oilcloth—distribute your fern boxes and dishes; they will not need *sunshine*, only a daily sprinkling, to make them flourish nicely. Baskets may be suspended from door or window-frames, in corners, or under arches. Hold a basin under and give them a daily sprinkling. The iron brackets used for bird-cages will hold them nicely.

Having put graceful bits of woodland all about the house, you can fill other boxes for the window-sills, with such bright flowers as geraniums, fuchsias, pansies, verbenas, coleus, pinks, bouvardias, heliotropes, lantanas, all of which will grow from slips. Petunias, German ivy, sedums, lobelia, yellow myrtle, Kenilworth ivy, money-wort, oxalis, and the plant



# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL



somewhat *old-fashioned*. They deserve to be honored and revered by us. Love of country and not fashion was their maxim. They lived to work and not for show. EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Artemus Ward on the Train.

I was on the cars once. It was a good many years ago, though. I was going up to Podunk to collect sixteen dollars which a man owed me there, the expenses of the trip would be fifteen dollars, but I needed the other dollar. In the seat behind me sat the venerable Artemus Ward, quietly looking out of the window in hopes of seeing a funeral procession along somewhere that he might try to make himself feel solemn. His wax-figures were in the baggage car. By-and-by, a sanctimonious-haired colporter came in, took a seat by him, and presented him with a tract. Not to be outdone in politeness Ward presented him with his card.

The tract peddler said he had heard of the name somewhere. Wasn't he the man who traveled with a circus or a show or something worldly? The same. He shook hands with him, and asked him how he was getting along. Artemus smiled and said:

"At the rate of forty miles an hour."

After this the sedate colporter was confiding and conversational, and from time to time I caught the following:

(Small station.)

ARTEMUS. "This is the place where John Nixon resides."

COLPORTER. "John Nixon? I think I never heard of the name. Who is he?"

WARD. "The gentleman I refer to is a shoemaker. You see his sign over on that shanty?"

COL. "Oh, yes."

COL. "This is pretty fast riding."

WARD. Yes, but on a road in Indiana I once rode so fast that you could not see the farms along the road. The train cast no shadow because the sun couldn't get a chance to fall on it. I put my hand out of the window and the wind took my finger rings off. We were going west from Baldwinsville to Briggs' Station, forty miles distant, and I tell you what's a fact, we got there two minutes before we started by the clock there. Ran over a man on the track, but he never recollected the circumstance, it was so sudden. The towns along the line looked like one city straight along. We went so fast, sir, that the present moment seemed to be a week back. The whole train was off the rails more than half the time. Boy fell off hind car, but the section behind prevented him from falling to the ground until some one reached out and grabbed him. Oh, it was a big ride."

COL. "It was indeed, sir."

COL. "Do you use tobacco?"

WARD. "Oh, yes. Do you wish a chew?" (handing him a plug twist.)

COL. "No, no, i thank you. I never touch it."

COL. "Do you ever read instructive tracts?"

WARD. "Oh, no. But I have an excellent friend who does."

COL. "This is a nice-looking town."

WARD. "It is indeed. I lectured here last winter. Audience couldn't have been bigger if it had been doubled. Everybody was there, and those who couldn't come stayed away. Even the landlord was there and was seen to laugh. Everything was thrown upon the stage. Ladies who had nothing to throw threw kisses. Only one thing occurred to mar the occasion; a deacon attempted to swallow everything I said and was choked. They carried him out on a settee. When I got through they had me deliver the lecture over again, and every one said they got more time for the money than they ever had got in their lives."

COL. "Indeed!"

COL. "What makes them stop here so long?"

WARD. "You see, this is the accommodation train, and we had a temperance lecturer aboard, and the train will stop here to allow him to fulfill an engagement here, and passengers can save a good deal of time by walking ahead if they are in a hurry. I once rode in a train in Illinois that went so slow they had to make a chalk-mark on the track to tell which way it was going. It is a fact, sir. And as it was dark a man coming up on the track ran against the rear car and nearly killed himself. Why, they had to hire passengers to ride on it."

COL. "That corn looks bad there."

WARD. "It certainly does. The cobs in the first place were planted too far apart. You have got to have your corn stalks close enough together that they can whisper in each other's ears and chin each other up. That's the way we do in Indiana. When we go to harvest our corn we bump the corn trees and catch the grain as it falls to the ground in large canvas spreads. A very little of our corn will make a bushel. They have manufacturers there to make the silk up into dress goods, and a fine article it makes. It is bound to supersede silk-worms."

COL. "Well, well, it must be a great country."

WARD. "Yes, it is very large."

COL. "Are you fond of music, Mr. Ward?"

WARD. "I could live on it—with a few variations."

Everything turns to music on my ear, and I can bring music out of anything I touch. I used to play very sweetly on that instrument they call a hotel gong. It was music that had the very best accompaniments. The boarders listened for it with the most intense interest, and often encored it with the clapping of hands. I know of no more stirring musical instrument to put a crowd into ecstasies than the morning gong. Of course time is the main thing in that kind of music. You want no false time. A little too soon is as bad as a little too late. I know of no musical instrument in all my travels that could move a whole house so completely as a gong. It has a wide range—principally from the cellar to the garret of a six-story house, and its tones never grow old, and it is always in order. I would give money to hear the melodious notes of one at the present time. It would be music most acceptable. God bless the man who first invented it, and the man who first rings it to-day."

COL. "Your show is principally wax-figures?"

WARD. "Yes, they are portraits of people who figure the most in the present age; Judas Iscariot, Shylock, Benedict Arnold, Nero, John A. Murray, Pontius Pilate, Herod, and other celebrities. I was showing in Hardscrabble last month and discovered a deacon hammering

away most industriously at the head of Judas Iscariot, and his wife and family egging him on. I was disposed to venture near and inquire the cause of all that popular tumult, when I was informed in short order that the deacon was irritated at having his statue set up for Judas, and I saw that there was quite a family resemblance between them, or at least there had been. I gently admonished him to cease, though the admonishment scorched him, and he got up looking like the likeness of Iscariot more than ever. He needed a new nose of the most improved pattern; and a new eye would not have hurt his appearance very much. He was tenderly led away. The show business was extremely lively for awhile, and I did not charge them anything to get out, not a cent. During the row somebody hit Julius Caesar in the stomach and doubled him up, but we warmed him over and laid him out again until he felt as well as ever. Any one who insults one of my wax-figures to its face insults me, and all international negotiations between us cease on the spot. For Napoleon's sake I have fought more battles than he ever did himself. If they are wax they are not made to be chewed up, in the least. I'm naturally as peaceable as a mother-in-law, but I don't want anybody to sit down on me without due notice according to law."

COL. "Before I get off here will you not take a few tracts, Mr. Ward?"

WARD. "I will. Thank you. Though when I find that I am in need of any thing of that kind I sit down and write my own. I'll do most anything to oblige you. Good-day."

Here the colporter left the train, and Artemus went to fishing for a cinder in his eye.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Topics of the Time.

—There are in Texas 96,000,000 acres of cotton territory; that is some 15,000 square miles; and if the whole were judiciously cultivated, the yield ought to be at least 50,000,000 bales per annum.

—High ritual is on the increase in London. Thirty-nine churches now celebrate daily communion, against 11 last year; 340 have surplice choirs, against 114; 35 have eucharistic vestments, against 14; 39 display candles on the altar, and since 1867 the use of incense has been extended from three churches to sixteen.

—"The Bashi Bazouks are wild beasts!" exclaimed the Grand Duke Nicholas, when an envoy from Mehemet Ali's camp opened negotiations with him concerning the treatment of the Bulgarian population. "Oh!" was the response, "I am not expected to defend them. I always take an escort myself when I pass through their camp."

—It is stated in the *New Northwest* that at the battle of Big Hole, Sergeant Wilson, who appears to have been the conspicuous hero among the enlisted men, was shot at by one young buck whom he had passed, laid down his gun, picked up the young red-skin by the ankles, wound him around on a sapling at one swing, and again passed on.

—"Fourteen years ago," says the *Venango Spectator*, "when the oil fever was at its height, Pithole was the largest and thirstiest of the oil towns. Its post-office delivery was enormous, ranking the third in the State. Last November the borough of Pithole polled only six votes, equally divided between the two parties, and last Monday the survivors of the great oil metropolis of other days petitioned the court for a dissolution of its charter. Such is life."

—His Majesty King Gelele, the King of Dahomey, is said to have jumped for joy when he heard of the loss of the oil he had been induced to pay for his bad treatment of British subjects, and when he heard that the Sirim had broken down and was compelled to return to England, his delight was unbounded. He attributed both these events to "fetish," and believes his powers of working evil upon his enemies are great indeed.

—A mineral has been found in Kern county, Cal., which is puzzling the geologists, no one knowing what to call it. It is opaque; in color, iron white; luster, metallic; laminated; soft; yields to the finger nail; leaves a streak the color of amalgam on the back of looking glasses; it is unchanged by a heat which reduces a Hungarian crucible; is perfectly insoluble in nitric or muriatic acids or any of their combinations, and has a specific gravity about equal to that of mispickel.

—The Moffett registering machines have been introduced into nearly all the bar-rooms in Richmond. The price of alcoholic liquors has been advanced five cents and now glasses holding ten per cent, less beer are used. The liquor dealers have abolished the credit system and now do business only on a cash basis. A State official who is known throughout the Commonwealth of Virginia, went into a saloon last Monday and called for a glass of lager. It was delightfully cool and he was about three minutes in swallowing it, after which he wiped his lips with his handkerchief and eyed the bartender suspiciously. "You forgot to turn the crank," said he, quite sternly. "Yes; but you have forgotten to pay me," was the response. A five-cent piece rang on the counter, the bell sounded, the dial moved and the bartender announced that the public debt of Virginia had been reduced half a cent.

—A thousand feet above Lake Tahoe lies Shakespeare Peak, a precipice with a ragged edge. A week ago Sunday six young people set out from the Glenbrook Hotel, on an excursion to the crest of the rocky ledge. They reached the summit in safety, and had a merry time, laughing, singing, flirting. One of the young men challenged Carrie Rice to descend by a narrow and very precipitous path. Being a girl of high courage, she made the venture, and the spectators were greatly interested in the result of the party. The couple had not gone far before the girl's foot slipped, and as she had hold of her companion's arm, they rolled together down the precipice about fifteen feet. Here the gentleman struck a ledge, which formed a rude shelf, but the lady went to the bottom of the abyss—a distance of seventy-five feet. Her companions found her upon a heap of broken stones at the base of the peak, unconscious, dying.

—Dare-devil Skobeleff, who blames nobody, but accepts defeat as the "will of God," is the most popular of the Russian heroes. His force was on the extreme left of Schakofskii's division in the first disastrous attack upon Plevna. When his battalion of infantry was under the fire of the twelve guns, the soldiers shouted that portion of the Turkish line, the soldiers shouted "Charge!" and began rushing forward. Skobeleff ordered a halt; lines were formed with the precision of a dress-parade, and the command was given: "Carry arms!" "Present arms!" When the line was at a "Present," the shells began to fall among them. Skobeleff then asked them if they did not think "they presented a ridiculous spectacle in that position under fire?" They replied "Yes, they did." He assured them that he would keep them there until the next day unless they promised to keep order in the ranks and await the command of their officers instead of yelling and charging on their own account. The men assured him that they saw the force of his remarks. They were then led forward, and behaved magnificently during the whole action. This incident brings to mind the iron-handed discipline of Catherine's terrible Marshals, who opened their batteries upon their own soldiers when they were wavering in the charge, and drummed the Generals out of camp when they ventured to suggest a retreat.

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—MAT CRAWFORD, Stuyvesant, writes: "I am nine, and have rather regular features, but they are spoilt by a thick, sallow, oily skin, together with some pimples and carbuncles. Is there anything, either an outward application or a medicine, which will remove these? I am not afraid of being called a 'boy' or a 'girl' because I am not yet a man."

—SAMUEL ENDICOTT asks: "May a young, unmarried man, with perfect propriety, make gifts to his sisters by mail, and to your lady cousins? I only refer to a recent dance with one sister, so far as I can recollect, that she did not accept my gift. I am not afraid to offend any of your sisters."

—MADIE L. If the eldest brother is old enough to be

"GOOD-BY."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

I spoke it low, with trembling lips  
And heart that pulsed with bitter pain,  
For well I knew the rosy past were  
Would never live for me again;  
For with that little word, "good-by,"  
Died every golden, sunlit dream  
That hitherto had made my life  
A radiant path of blossoms seem.  
  
I could not chide thee for neglect,  
Nor deem thee cold, when well I knew  
No warmer feeling stirred the heart  
Than friend's passion, calm and true;  
And yet a nameless, bitter pain—  
A longing vague for something more  
Than friendly vows and pledges sweet  
When all my skies a shadow wore—  
  
Came to me then, and so I spoke,  
With bitterness and dreary pain  
Remembering sad the golden flower  
Would never bloom for me again.  
"Good-by! good-by!" I said it o'er  
And kissed again the smiling face,  
Upon whose dimpled softness grief  
As yet had left no blighting trace.  
  
The dreary days but mock me now;  
No bright hopes come with budding spring;  
No rose buds in the sunlit room,  
And to my life their fragrance bring.  
Dark shadows of remembrance lie,  
Since with the bitterness of death  
I spoke the sad, sad word, "good-by."

The Guard Over the Wedding-Ring.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A DELICIOUS August day was throbbing to its close—a day that had been royal in its exquisite beauty of golden sunshine and fresh western winds, its tropical voluptuousness of warmth that was so perfectly enjoyable.

It had been just such a day as suited the passionate, eager soul of Meta Blanchard, fair, beautiful Meta Blanchard, with her dreamy dark eyes that, lately had reflected no dreams that were blessed or hopeful or happy, for the time had come and gone when for her, content should crown her as it had crowned her in those by and gone days when Ernest Warwick had been her lord and master. They had been right royal lovers. They suited each other to the finest fibers of their impetuous, passionate, capable natures; they had loved and trusted and looked eagerly forward to a life together which no foreboding of clouds or even the shadows of clouds darkened; Meta had worn the ring he had given her as the seal of their betrothal, placed on her dainty finger between warm, eager kisses—as proudly as a queen wears her coronet—everything had pointed to such perfection of happiness, spiritual, physical, temporal, that even before there came the blackness of darkness between them, Meta often used to wonder, tremblingly, if mortals could endure such sweet joy as was hers, past, present, and future?

But, the blackness of darkness came. Some unlucky business complications plunged Meta's father into irredeemable poverty, and some equally unfortunate freaks of fate disclosed the fact to an inside few that he had been deliberately living a life of cheating and trickery and fraud which, if made widely public, would not only bring him and his family into horrible disgrace and contempt, but consign him to the cell of a prison for perhaps the rest of his natural life.

Then followed dreadful days for the Blanchard family—days when there seemed no choice for him who had worked such desolation but to blow his brains out, and leave his wife and daughter to shift as they could. Days when every conceivable horror stared them in the face; days when the most desperate efforts were being frantically made by Mr. Blanchard's colleagues in roguery to escape from the consequences of their evil-doing.

And then, Mark Penwyn came frankly, boldly, courteously to Meta, and told her what he had to say.

"I am rich, Miss Blanchard—it will not even embarrass me to set your father straight with the bank. I am sufficiently influential to keep the unfortunate matter quiet—I will do both, and your family can go on again in your accustomed luxury of living, provided you will marry me. I admire you more than any woman I ever saw or knew. My name and position and family are irreproachable. Will you trust yourself to me?"

And, although the awful besequeness of it fairly took the girl's breath, the suddenly sudden way of escape he offered, could not possibly have failed to strongly impress her.

Then came such urgings, such wild, beseaching importunities from her father and mother. Then came such terrible temptations, and desperate conflicts with her absorbing passion for Ernest Warwick—oh, such terrible days that followed, when, one time she would declare that no combination of circumstances was capable of wrenching her soul from the man she loved; times when she would cry and moan and stumble in the darkness of spiritual danger that engulfed her.

Then, worn out mentally, exhausted physically, until even the power to suffer and resist was gone utterly from her, Meta consented to wreck her own bright young life, sacrifice her own bright young self.

And she wrote to her lover a weary, a weary less note, only telling him it must all be over between them—rather telling him it was already ended between them, because she had promised to be Mark Penwyn's wife, and his diamond slave-circlet was scintillating on her finger as she wrote her death-warrant.

After that, she never heard a syllable from Mr. Warwick. He did not as much as protest against her letter. He did not as much as give way to anger, or passion, or regret—to her, but she heard afterward—when she had been with Mark Penwyn's wife nearly three months, and the wheels of her life outwardly ran in velvet-lined grooves, and her parents were again in the full flush and swing of the prosperity and luxury they loved better than truth or honor—prosperity and luxury for which they had not hesitated to sacrifice their child—it was at this time, a year previous to the time which we choose out of Meta's history to open our recital of her romance, that some one told her that Ernest Warwick had gone abroad with a look in his blue eyes, and an expression on his fair blonde face, and a tenseness about his handsome, haughty mouth, that was not good to see; a look that betokened the havoc, the recklessness, the mad desperation of the soul from whom the cup had been so cruelly, sharply snatched at almost the lifting of its overflowing brim to his eager, waiting, smiling lips.

That had been long ago; Meta Penwyn had graced the magnificent home her husband had brought her to right royally. Her beauty, her *hauteur*, her cold graciousness, her unfailing courtesy of high breeding, her accomplishments, were enough separately or combined to make her husband proud of her; and he never tired of heaping upon her all the costly elegances and extravagances that he knew she became so well.

He was a model of gentlemanly considera-

tion and patient, forbearing kindness, and unobtrusive, delicate devotion. He never forgot how he had won her, and in her heart Meta blessed him for his conduct to her, while she never failed an iota in her duty to him, or reminded him by word or look or act that she only endured her life.

I say she reminded him by no word or look or act. I say she was always prompt in her duties, always the courteous lady, the hospitable hostess; but Mark Penwyn read aright the sickening weariness that underlaid it all; he perfectly appreciated the fact that he had married a woman of marble, a woman whose heart was seared and withered, a woman whose inner life was a pitiful hopelessness.

So many women could have loved him. He was not much older than Meta—he was yet among the thirties. He was a gentleman of fine culture, and sweet disposition, except for a certain pride that sometimes made him seem a little hard. He never had been a demonstrative man, but he had a great, loving soul, and, above all, a tender, unobtrusive, delicate devotion that sometimes, despite herself, touched Meta.

And he loved her. That comprised it all. That tells all the story. While she—sitting out under the wide-spreading shade of a huge linden tree, that stood on the very brow of a hill that delicious August evening, was wondering how much longer the heart-sick yearning for what she had deliberately put away from her would consume her.

It might have been, because of the appealing beauty of the day, with its gorgeous sunsetting, and the soft murmur of the wind as it freshened with foretaste of slumberous autumn days coming; it might have been the unconscious influence upon her of that which was to follow so shortly; but, whatever the cause, Meta was experiencing a heart-sick, unendurable yearning for a sight of Ernest Warwick's face, a sound of his voice, a touch of his hand.

"My love! My lost love! My murdered love!"

Her fair white hands went up to her face to cover its pale pain, to hide the passionate eagerness in her eyes that were starving for the sight of a face that was not her husband's. Then, with great dumb cries in her heart that corresponded with the mute anguish on her lovely mouth, she slowly took up her book she had brought to read, "Mildred" it was poor, suffering Mildred, whom Meta thought was so like herself in her capacity for loving and agonizing—and returned to the house to meet Mr. Penwyn on the lawn, calm, courteous, undemonstrative as ever, but with a fire of idolatrous admiration and love glowing under that quiet exterior.

"I should have walked down to your favorite haunt for you, Meta, if you had not come as you did. Is it not a perfect summer-day? And how charmingly cool it will be for your guests to-night?"

Her guests! She had positively forgotten there was to be company, and gayety, and music, and dancing that night, and she would have to dress, and move among them, and smile, and speak pleasant words as usual.

The prospect almost appalled her for a moment. Then, the same customary apathy came to her aid.

"I had quite forgotten it was Thursday. Yes, it promises a pleasant evening."

She made a move to enter the house; Mr. Penwyn did not offer to detain her, but there came that hurt, pained look in his kindly eyes that was often there nowadays.

"You will find a letter awaiting you in your room. Edison said there was one in the mail, and he sent it up. You look tired, dear."

She smiled faintly.

"I think I am. I believe I will rest the half-hour before dinner if you will excuse me."

Of course he excused her, and she went upstairs to her rooms, slowly, wearily, to suddenly galvanize into wild-eyed excitement and almost uncontrollable eagerness when she caught sight of a letter lying on her toilet-table, addressed to her in Ernest Warwick's handwriting—a letter her trembling hands could scarcely open, so did it shake her to her very soul's center.

It was brief, terse, but Ernest Warwick all over. It was dated from the hotel a half-mile from Penwyn Place, and the date was four hours' old, and the contents were, word for word:

"Sometime says you receive your friends to-night. I am coming. For God's sake, don't refuse to see me."

That was all. No address, no superscription. That was all—wild, passionate, masterful, yet pleading.

It ought to have warned this wife of Mark Penwyn, from its very passionate masterfulness, by the throbbing thrills of mad ecstasy that made the blood surge in hot tides through her veins, she should have been warned that a chasm was yawning at her very feet, that there was imminent danger ahead.

But the past months had been too terribly desolate—the future was too utterly hopeless—the present afforded too rapturous ecstasy for this woman to resist the temptation to see him once more, to touch the only hands that ever thrilled her; and, beside, how could she prevent his coming?

Already there sprang up specious reasoning and ready argument. How, she asked herself, was she to prevent his coming, unless she sent a servant, armed with authority, forbidding him the house?

Of course he must come—as any other guest, but by the shining light in her eyes, by the look that quivered on her sweet mouth, you would have known Ernest Warwick would not come as any other guest.

She dressed herself exquisitely that night, and marveled herself at the glorious creation she was, with her dark eyes shining, her splendid face all irradiated with an excitement of hope and joy that had been so long, so pitifully a stranger; with her lustrous hair arranged in a graceful coiffure that suited so well her classic head; with her white lace dress, where pearls gleamed more whilately still and whose purity was not marred by a hint of daintiest color or glow of gold. In her shiny dark hair was a delicate white drooping flower, with no leaf to break its waxy fairness, and at her belt a similar spray.

Her husband had looked at her in silent, worshiping wonderment. He had never seen her so wondrously fair, so enchantingly radiant; but he did not know the wherefore and the why.

Early in the evening there was quiet entertainment. Later, the music flashed out inspiring dance-music, and everything was in the full swing of enjoyment and perfect success when Mr. Warwick came and found her, where, of all places, it were best he had not found her—alone in the dusk and fragrance of the immense conservatory, where fountains played and flashed, and flowers bloomed in sweet, sensual fragrance.

Meta had not arranged it so. She had gone thither for a moment's rest, and the first she

knew that he had come was his voice in her ears, his arms around her.

"Meta! Meta! Meta!"

It was so exultant, so jubilant, it was so sudden, his cares, that she had hardly time to turn and free herself—instinct with woman's impulse of sacredness.

"Mr. Warwick! You—"

She could not say another word. The sight of him so filled her with mad ecstasy, with sudden strange realization of the fact as she never had realized it before—that she, the wife of one man, had left all her heart in the keeping of another, with almost fear at the power she felt at his presence, his influence—all these thoughts and sensations thronged over her, depriving her of speech, almost of action, as he stood there, smiling in her face—smiling, yet desperately, almost hopelessly.

"Oh, Meta! My darling! Yes, you are my very own, as much as ever you was—I don't care for whose name you bear, for who pretends to own you! My Meta—you are not going to send me away empty, hungry? For all these months I have only endured life without you—despair has made me what you may call reckless, what I call determinate, resolved—for I am come, my love, my love, to plead my cause with you, and pray you to go with me, to happiness and forgetfulness of the past dark days—to happiness with me, dear, happiness with you and I together."

They were the same caressing, masterful tones that in other days had made her thrill with delight and pride and worshiping love. The same beloved voice, tempting her, and in all the panoply of weakness, she, shorn of her strength by all those days of longing and weariness unutterable.

Lights merrily burned in their globes. Faint sounds of music came from the dancing saloon, a ravishing, sensuous waltz that swayed her soul as it inspired twinkling feet. Every accessory appealed to this woman's lover nature; and beside her, looking down on her bowed head, eagerly reading every expression of her mobile countenance, Ernest Warwick stood, his eyes burning, his handsome mouth smiling, his heart thrilling for love of her.

And Meta? Mark Penwyn's wife? The beautiful woman her husband loved to idolatry, whom he trusted and honored to the uttermost?

She stood still, leaning her cold trembling hands against the bronze rim of the fountain, listening to the sweet, sweet tones; thinking, in a mad, wild joy, what bliss he offered her; who heard such words, who had such speech spoken to her—asking herself if this, *this were* the end of it all, that she should be called upon to choose between dreary, honorable enduring, or—

A little indignant cry, the outburst of womanly purity and principle, came passionately from her lips.

"You must not speak so to me! It is terrible—terrible! It is—"

He grasped her hands forcibly in his, and compelled her glance by the power of his own.

"Terrible—that I love you, when once you swore that all of heaven was centered in my love for you, yours for me? 'Terrible,' my darling, that I want you for my own, that I come to release you from a bondage cruel as death in life? 'Terrible,' Meta!"

He was so quietly exultant in, and so gracefully confident of, himself—and her! It frightened her.

"I must go—I must! I am afraid some one may come—"

He would have put his arms around her only, she suddenly shrunk away, this woman who, an hour ago, had been in a fever of excitement and wild exuberance of passion at the prospect ahead of seeing him. He would have snatched her in his eager arms, and kissed her in riotous imploration, only, that, seeing what he felt, what he meant—Mark Penwyn's name came almost involuntarily to her lips—Mark Penwyn, who, after all, was her friend and protector, and—husband; who, after all, was greater, grander, nobler than this handsome, pleading lover at her side.

And as Meta called his name—her husband's name—alas! helplessly, Ernest Warwick knew, as by a revealing light from heaven, what it all meant. How, stronger, better, braver than he, although woman Meta had stood true to herself and had saved him from that which in cooler moments he would have repented in sackcloth and ashes.

He was not a thoroughly bad man. There was nobility and and conscience in him, and it uprose at the pitheus, starting ery in Meta's voice.

"Hush," he said, hoarsely, "don't call upon him to protect you from me! My God—what must you think of me?"

"I can forgive it all—only go—go—go right away—"

And Ernest Warwick instantly obeyed her—who, in her strength born of weakness, had been victor over two human souls!

A year later, when life was flowing on very peacefully in Meta Penwyn's home, and her first baby lay on her breast, her husband came to her, one sweet, peaceful autumn afternoon, with a tiny casket in his hand that he opened as he sat down beside her couch.

"Meta, my wife, one evening last summer when you and Mr. Warwick were together in the conservatory, I overheard the entire conversation, and was a witness to your fidelity and womanliness. My darling—you did not know then I knew it all; you never did I dated the commencement of our content from that hour—that from then, out of the solemn knowledge of that time, out of the peril of that time, out of its grand triumph, there grew God's blessing in turning your heart more and more to me. And, Meta, to-day this has come to me, for you this exquisite pearl ring, with a long letter from Ernest Warwick, written on his dying bed, asking me if you may wear it as a guard over your wedding-ring, as a gift from him in commemoration of the time when you saved him from such terrible temptation. Meta, with the letter is the announcement of his death. Dear will you wear it, as a gift from the grave, and yet a symbol of your happiness and mine?"

And reverently enough Mark Penwyn placed the delicate gem on the fair finger; and while Meta's sweet eyes filled with tears, her lips smiled as she lifted them toward her husband's to kiss.

"God has been so good to me—so much better than I deserve! And, Mark, I am not worthy of you!"

He kissed her, and laid the pearl-guarded wedding-ring finger on their baby's soft white cheek.

"My wife!" he said.

PRESENTIMENT.

BY HENRI MONTGALM.

Ab! many a weary day  
My love was far away;  
And always, when night came,  
(Oh, lovers' hearts are light!)  
I used to breathe his name,  
And whisper soft, "Good-night."

Yet once—I know not why—  
There came a night when I—  
I could not sleep;—  
But only went instead—  
And when the morning came,  
I heard that he was dead.

The Bitter Secret;  
or,  
THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FIEND AT THE COUCH.

THE twenty-four hours which we have described indicate the history of forty-eight more; during which the hapless Monica was abandoned in the unknown wilderness.

Her sufferings, mental and physical, are beyond narration; they would only harrow the reader's heart for naught; suffice it to say that three days after her recovery from unconsciousness, she lay at dusk on the bare floor in that corner of the room which was furthest from the bed. She had never lain upon it since that night she had discovered the diabolical mystery connected with it. She had passed through all the various stages of starvation, the giddiness, the raving hunger, the sick torment, the unendurable gnawings of her vitals, the gradual consuming of all strength, and one by one of all her faculties; and now she lay in a stupor, her sharpened face turned up and her blackened, parched, and excoriated lips open, and gasping for breath, while her hollow eyes glared through the glazing of coming dissolution, listless and senseless.

The watch-dog had been visited twice in that time, and fed, and Monica had called and entreated the Italian, receiving no reply, not even the turning of his eyes in her direction. She had long known that it was intended that she should never emerge alive from her lonely prison, and argued from this, (as long as she had sense to reason, poor soul, or to think of anything outside of her own cruel pangs,) that her father's life was by this time taken, and that his murderers dared not set her free, since she suspected their guilt.

She sure she had not tamely succumbed to her

nic-a siringa, veesh is full-a of a virus deadly as the poison of de serpent vat you call-a 'Dame Blanche,' small—deadly beyond all others! Thees sharp end, look—copetta—I pierce de nice-a pretta flesh of young mees veeth it, in de vein, here, guardare! Just a preesh—no more-a! Bote ven I press on deesa-a extremita—aha! I shoot into de vein, dat wheesh lays Piccolina Riviera at my feet una corpa morta—a corpse—in one—true minute; ehh!

Monica perfectly followed this horrid explanation, and sunk down again with a low shuddering moan, her hands still piteously supplicating for mercy, and the great tears, which she had supposed all shed long ago, coursing once more down her convulsed face. He wanted her to gratify his wicked curiosity regarding her connection with her father, and she knew there was no use in her complying, even had she possessed the strength to utter the explanations, for she knew that she must die, and that he had been appointed to assassinate her.

"Only say that my—that Mr. Derwent still lives," she implored, with a last expiring effort, crawling to him and clasping his knees; "and then dispatch me quickly," she cried out, in thrilling tones.

"Ha! misera! scelerata! leetle scamp-a!" he hissed, angrily, reading her determination not to betray anything she knew, and then he stood silent, gloomily darkly down at her, as he cast about in his crafty mind whether he could possibly wring the withheld information out of her, or whether he had after all missed anything of importance; but presently he made up his mind that she was too far gone now for him to maneuver, and that he might as well proceed with the business in hand while he felt angry with her, as he could then shift the blame of the deed upon her own head.

"Verra well, foolish sciooca—idioti; I vood-a spared-a you, per il Grand Iddio; bote—mind-a! you wood not spik, so—" He suddenly bent down and snatched her arm, uttering an involuntary cry of despair, a soft and feeble was it, yet it was heard by one who long had overlooked the interview.

Just as the Italian poisoner brought the sharp point of the death-charged tuile to the artery in the satin inside of Monica's arm, she faintly struggling, and avertting her poor blinded eyes that she might not see her murderer, a stalwart form darted through the open doorway, a hand of iron seized Vulpino's collar, and while he was sent reeling in one direction, Monica found herself caught up to a broad breast, and a voice which she had dreamed she heard many times speaking most sweetly through her delirium, said now in the same full-throated tones:

"Dear little girl! Poor little girl! Have I found you at last?"

And she, raising her half-senseless eyes, with a smile of ineffable joy and peace, beheld the pale tender face of Geoffrey Kilmyre close to hers.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### FOLDED IN TENDER ARMS.

He seemed to be almost beside himself as he held the terribly altered girl in his arms; he forgot everything but her, and the sufferings she had gone through, and the anxiety he had endured in his long, feverish search for her, and the thoughts he had had about her; and she was not so far gone as to be unconscious that he was straining her against his loudly-beating heart, and showering kisses upon her poor, sharpened face, and whispering sweetest, warmest words of pity and love to her; and, somehow, she did not think of shrinking from him, nor of feeling astonishment, or embarrassment, or anything but rest and safety—oh, such dear, delicious rest, and such peaceful, satisfied safety.

For indeed they had thought so much about each other, these two impulsive, generous, honest hearts, that it was the most natural thing in the world that they should meet just so, without one shadow between.

But, presently, things faded from poor Monica's eyes, and she felt his dear hands and kisses no longer; she sunk into the stupor from which the assassin had waked her.

Geoffrey stood with the limp and lifeless body in his arms, gazing at it wildly. He thought Monica was dead.

He could not breathe; he grew blind, he reeled giddily.

He believed that he had come too late, after all, and that this, the sweetest woman in the whole world, would never lift her brave, proud eyes in gentle kindness to his again.

How long did he stand there holding her thus? He took no note of time; he was in a trance.

But Vulpino, the wretch who had done this foul deed, moved in his corner where he lay in a distorted heap, just as he had fallen. He was recovering his senses.

Geoffrey started, and looked round at him with bloodshot eyes.

A fearful smile crossed his bitten and bleeding lips. He carried his burden to the bed, and softly laid it down; he kissed each sweet eyelid down over the dark, dim eyes; he straightened the beautiful limbs with reverent hand, and placed the two little hands upon the still bosom; then he bent to lay his death-pale cheek against hers, his caressing hand stroking (oh, so tenderly—so tenderly!) her long, unbound black hair; and a groan tore its way from his very soul.

"Oh, my poor darling!" he muttered, chokingly—"my little, brave, good darling, I came too late to save you, but, dear, not too late to avenge you—not late for that! And Heaven, I know, will not hold me guilty, though you, sweet, if you were alive, would plead for your murderer, so gentle and so kind you were!"

He heard another movement in the corner, and he strode across the room in time to seize the throat of the Italian, who was in the act of stealthily gliding toward the door.

"Would you like to hear the programme of the next few minutes, murderer?" said he, through his gritting teeth, while he forced the trembling wretch to meet his flaming eyes.

Vulpino burst into a torrent of Italian, as well as he could articulate it with those iron fingers gripping his gullet; but Geoffrey was too excited to comprehend him, although, in his calmer moments, he was not a bad speaker of the language; and he put a summary stop to the tide of protestations and explanations by giving him a shake that almost dislocated his neck.

"Come down-stairs out of the sacred presence of your victim," he ground out, suiting his actions to his words, and forcing the Italian before him. "Come outside and bear your punishment, and after it your execution—which two duties I take upon myself with joy—with joy, hound, do you hear?" giving him another fierce shake that turned the strangling wretch black in the face, "and I

only wish we were back in the middle ages, when you would have been thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or strung up by the hair for the rooks to peck at. Oh, my God! to think that all your miserable carcass could suffer if all the tortures of the Inquisition were at my command, could not bring to life again that lovely, sweet girl! How could you—how could you do it, man?"

And for a moment his anguish of grief overtopped the vengeful fury that was lashing him on to ruin by taking upon himself the miserable Vulpino's punishment; and Vulpino took advantage of the momentary loosening of his hold to wrench himself free with one sudden jerk and dart; but ere he had reached the door, deeply socketed in the wall which surrounded the cottage, Geoffrey's pistol covered him, and he stopped, perforce, his teeth chattering and his knees doubling up under him.

Since he could not stand, he made the best of necessity he knelt, clasped his great bony hands, and gathered enough English to make his defense.

"It ees a mistake-a, Grand Iddio! Vood you keel-a me, veethout to hear von explain! Ze donna, see eos note yet dead, no, not at all—see leevs! Come back-a, cond see. Corp di Dio! I nothing do to bare. No, I need note ven-a you come; see leevs, I tell-a you; veramente, cond you keel-a me, destroy you self, all for noesing, niente! bah!"

Geoffrey had only let him run on so long because he was striding—still keeping his pistol leveled at the wretch's heart—to pick up his riding-whip, which lay on the ground beside the horse he had ridden. Having now secured it, he strode quickly back to the culprit, and without another word brought down the good new thong across his parchment face with an accuracy of aim and a nervous vigor that left a mark like a narrow red ribbon straight from the right bony temple down to the left side of the long poking chin, and wrung a yell of pain and rage from the astonished sufferer.

Before he could jump to his feet, nimble as his motions now were, another cut had crossed his predecessor, slanting exactly the opposite way so that the hideous visage was now marked with a blood-red X, from the clean lines of which little round drops of the same color were starting, to trickle in tiny rivulets down among the wrinkles; and then Vulpino was ordered to keep his knees, if he would not have a bullet through his brain without further parley, and reminded that he had better occupy his mind in saying his prayers while his penance was progressing, as its duration was all the time he would have on this earth, which henceforth would furnish nothing but a grave for a wretch such as he.

And then the blows rained down on his quivering body, each lash stinging like a flame, and the doomed man dared scarcely writhe in his tortures, but glared at the death-dealing weapon which glittered in his executioner's left hand, while the right was employed with his flagellation. However, desperation soon came to Vulpino's aid, and in spite of his physical sufferings, he contrived at last to make a coherent appeal, with such an air of sincerity that Geoffrey deigned to listen, although he did not pause in his labor a moment for that.

"Ef you veela a lot me to explain," whined the Italian as well as he could with his agonies making his teeth jerk into his tongue. "I veela a say mocha that you veel be best-a to know about ze Fratelli Marshall; I veela a show you how to save zo old signor; as for ze mees, see is only faint wiz ze fagine, I no toche her as yet. See, here ees ze strinka, wis ze veleno, vat ees potson, tutta in it—edere, behold!" And he held up the tiny tube, through the crystal of which Geoffrey could see the fluid glittering, quite full. "Oond eef you take away ze life-a, veel show to save ze signor? None can do but ze azevelenator—ze professed poisoner, gardare!"

When Geoffrey was out of breath, he snapped his whip in two, and tossed it at his well-flogged enemy; and he did not at once blow his brains out as he had promised to do; perhaps he had worked off some of his fury, and his better nature was coming to the surface again—perhaps the villain's remonstrances had reminded him of the possibility of ameliorating the case, and of the fatal indiscretion of gratifying his vengeance without due investigation of facts; at all events he folded his arms, and stood looking contemplatively down at the writhing form and craven face of the Italian, listening to the torrent of entreaties, confessions, promises and bewailings which he poured out so volubly, until a faint sound from above sent his startled eyes up to the window overhead, and he saw the blessed vision of Monica's white face and large, dark eyes, and her little weak hand tapping at the pane.

So then he uttered a shout and was running like the wind for the house, but stopped at the door with a grunt of grim resolution; wheeled and went back to his trembling victim, whose swarthy face had lit up with a relief and joy almost equal to his own.

"Get up," said Geoffrey.

Vulpino rose with abject docility.

"March!" said Geoffrey, waving his hand toward the other side of the cottage.

And Vulpino strode with alacrity round the corner, and came in sight of the dog's kennel, and of the dog's carcasse lying across its threshold with its throat cut.

"Take the chain off your sleuth-hound demon!" Geoffrey commanded; "it is well for you that your villainous scrag neck has not made the like acquaintance with my hunting-knife as your dog's. A fine sentinel to set over a tender helpless woman, isn't it? Oh, you scoundrel if you don't smart for this yet!"

To the tune of these remarks Vulpino unlocked the massive chain with which he had secured his bloodhound while he went up-stairs—in his absence he always had left him loose, to scour round the house, so that his prisoner dared not issue from any window, even had she succeeded in escaping from the room in which she was locked.

Geoffrey took the end of the chain from him, and ordered him to hold up his hands; which, when he obeyed, were securely bound together, after which Geoffrey proceeded to bind his ankles after the same pattern; disposing of the balance of the chain by passing it several times round his waist; so that, the job finished, Vulpino found himself trussed up firmly as a hare, and weighted to boot with no less than a hundred pounds of rusty iron.

Then garnished he was fain to sink upon the grass beside the carcass of his slaughtered accomplice, the hound; while Geoffrey walked off cheerfully and bounded up-stairs to feed his glad eyes and exulting heart on the dear and conscious, and even able to give him a pale, tremulous little smile as he came toward her, and to pierce his soul with the solemn fervor of her grateful eyes.

Joy at the prospect of deliverance, more especially at his hands, added to the few drops of brandy which the poisoner had poured down her throat in the hope of hearing from her some important secret before she died, had

given her a fleeting strength so that, recovering consciousness, and finding herself once more alone, she feared that all she had lately seen had been only one of her delirious visions, and had dragged herself painfully inch by inch to the window, to see whether any one was below.

But now she had an attendant ready to do anything or everything for her; oh, such a tender, patient, loving, beaming nurse! How carefully he fed the famished creature, a crumb at a time, with tiniest sips of sparkling water just flavored with wine, between wise and prudent that although it cut him to the heart to refuse her anything, he would not let her have a crumb too many a moment too soon, lest she might die yet, poor suffering darling, for even the bulk of an egg of the delicate wine-biscuits, which he had providentially chanced to have in his pocket, would have been a surfeit for her shrunken and debilitated stomach, which had eaten on itself only for three excruciating days.

And when she drooped against him, her grateful eyes closing in spite of her, with the weakness of one out of a long fever, how gently he laid her on the bed—how patiently he sat by her; then when she awoke anon, hungrier than ever, how joyously he went through the whole critical process again!

So that, in about four hours, she was strong enough to let him carry her down stairs in his arms, and lie on his bosom, tied to him by his own soft fleecy muffler, on his gallant horse's broad back; and so, walking as gently as possible, they made the journey from that border county into the next back to Dornoch Weald; arriving there at eight o'clock of the evening, after dark.

"And now—Mr. Derwent!" muttered Monica, feverishly, when her speech had come back to her.

"Dear, two days ago he was yet alive," said he, stoutly; "the eyes of the county are upon the Weald; and even hydrophobus must run away since been searching for you. Their chance whispers warned me of your danger."

"Oh no—tell about him!" moaned the girl.

Geoffrey could not but gaze perplexedly at her, for how was he to account for her devotion toward one who had treated her so cruelly.

"I have every hope of his safety, yet," said he, stoutly; "the eyes of the county are upon the Weald; and even hydrophobus must run away since been searching for you. Their chance whispers warned me of your danger."

Then he told her where she was.

The conspirators had recognized in the stranger American at first only an accidental meddler in their affairs; but since then their eyes had been opened to the electrifying truth that she was Mr. Derwent's lawful and only child; a mere whisper in Mr. Derwent's ear was the only thing wanted to set him promptly revoking that unnatural will, the unjust terms of which the two brother knew too well; and naming the interloper as his heiress, to the exclusion of every other candidate. Her doom, up to that revelation, having hung in the balance, for circumstantial evidence had eventually pointed her out as the owner of the scrap of lace found by Godiva in the forest, that day of the double confidences, it needed but this culminating stroke of fate, revealing her relationship to Derwent, to seal it. That was why they had at first given her food and kept her in blessed unconsciousness of her sufferings, after Geoffrey deigned to listen, although he did not pause in his labor a moment for that.

The delicate young creature whom Geoffrey had been wont to call his "lily-maid"—Godiva Montacute, had been the most inexorable of the trio, in passing the death-sentence upon Monica. The innocent prattle of good Mrs. Aberfeld revealing Master Geoffrey's kindness to her, for how was he to account for her devotion toward one who had treated her so cruelly.

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dress was of white moire antique, rich, heavy and lustrous; the bonnet as "lovely a thing" as in the female heart could desire. All were lavish in their praises. Nothing would do but Bertha must try on the robe, which she did, and found the fit as perfect as the material. Drawing her fine figure to its full height, the bride-elect looked at the beautiful image reflected in the glass at a single half-pound, half-tender. She could hardly have been satisfied with that, until her expression confessed her to be.

"What a charming bride she will make," murmured Lillian, turning to Inez for sympathy in her admiration.

The Cuban was watching Bertha so intently that she did not hear the remark. Lillian was surprised at the expression of Inez' countenance, whose usually rich brunet color had taken on almost a greenish tinge; her eyes had grown small and dull—the lids lay across them in a straight line, from under which gleamed a single sparkle of light—if ever malice and jealousy were written so that "he who runs may read," they were written there. Lily, poor child, could think of nothing but a serpent the moment before it struck, and she felt terrified, and laid her hand on Bertha's arm, who started, turning to her with an unpleased laugh.

"I asked you if you did not consider her a beautiful bride?" repeated Lily, embarrassed, she knew not why.

"Lily, I remember no more of it than as if it had never been."

"Then you cannot lead me to the box!" cried Lillian, dismayed, overwhelmed with disappointment.

"I cannot, I remember nothing. Tell me all I said, please, my darling child, this moment."

Lillian recounted what had passed.

"Did not I mention the name of the person who followed me eagerly?"

"No, I did not."

"Let me look at the ingots, Lily."

Lillian went to her bureau, lifted the loops she had hastily thrown over the gold, but the ingots were not where she had hidden them!

"Some one has been here and taken them," she cried, as she hastily examined the drawer, taking out every article.

Then she went to the next, although positive she had placed them in the upper drawer; so on, through the bureau, and every nook and corner, possible and impossible, as persons will, when they have lost things, in the vain hope that memory is at fault, and that they will "turn up" somewhere. But the ingots had disappeared utterly—strangely as they had come, they had vanished still more strangely, and the two women could only look at each other with vague speculation in their faces.

CHAPTER XX.

"CHECKMATE TO YOUR KING."

"PERHAPS you dreamed the whole matter," suggested Miss Miller, as she and Lily stood at the window of the tower, looking over the broad landscape despondently.

They had taken advantage of the quiet preceding over the house at the hour of the afternoon siesta, to ascend to the tower-room and search for anything which might prove a clew to what had happened the previous night. A more innocent-looking place was never subjected to such close scrutiny. The plain, small room, with its nook and corner, was a veritable tower. Her interest in the finials of the sleeping-walking story was so keen as to tempt her to rouse the sleeper, but she restrained herself each time and went away; however, being too agitated by suspicion and painful memories, to enjoy any society, she went the second time, down the deserted garden, blooming under the full warmth of high-noon, in search of a shaded nook in the old arbor, where she could be alone. She had been seated but a little while over a book which she held, but did not read, when Arthur Miller came sauntering along, and entered the arbor. He started when he found it occupied, removed the cigar from his lips, asked permission to share the bench, and when she had given it, threw himself down with a smile.

"Is it the heat?" asked the young lady, with a smile.

"I believe it is, in part. Life is very unsatisfactory, taken as a whole. It is too warm, or too cold; too bright, or too dull; too wet, or too dry; and as the weather is, so is everything else. Poor human nature is *enraged* to death half the time."

"I hardly expected such a view of life from your lips, just at present, Mr. Miller."

"Oh, I'm not without my due share of troubles, I assure you. I am marrying a woman richer than myself—and that's not the most charming arrangement for a man of any spirit."

"Then why do you do it?" his listener was about to ask, but checked herself, betraying her surprise by her expression.

"The woman is, in part. Life is very unsatisfactory, taken as a whole. It is too warm, or too cold; too bright, or too dull; too wet, or too dry; and as the weather is, so is everything else. Poor human nature is *enraged* to death half the time."

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"The woman is, in part. Life is very unsatisfactory, taken as a whole. It is too warm, or too cold; too bright, or too dull; too wet, or too dry; and as the weather is, so is everything else. Poor human nature is *enraged* to death half the time."

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## POETIC OBESITY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I am a growing evil, sure,  
There is no doubtin' that;  
It is the flat of my fate—  
I'm fated to be fat.

I'll never mind me in the world,  
Since I'm the worst of woes;  
I've just been singin' by Addie Poos  
For reasons adipose.

I stashed for Miss McFerguson,  
She had such raven eyes;  
But she did not infatuate,  
And so disdained my sighs.

Miss Minna discarded me, too, soon,  
And spurned my offerings all,  
Although beside me she averred  
All other men were small.

Miss Jams was twenty, and a blonde;  
To marry her said "Nay!"  
She never would be bossed; besides,  
I'd have too much my weight.

Miss Millison refused my love  
When her dear smile I sought;  
The reason that she gave was that  
Beside me she'd be naught.

Another intimated strong  
That my devorts must stop,  
For though I was a humbly man  
I was too much of a pup.

I ask'd if I could occupy  
A place within her mind;  
She said the necessary space  
Would be too hard to find.

Another turned her head away  
When I began to woo;  
She said, "You don't amount to much  
Though there is much of you."

Another very strongly thought  
That I might reccant prove,  
Because she said I was too great  
For any one to love.

And then I tried a host of things  
To make myself grow small,  
By which my purse was much reduced—  
My person not at all.

And still the worst thing of it all  
That causes me to frown,  
Is, while the fatest, yet am I  
The poorest man in town.

## The Flyaway Afloat:

OR,

YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,"  
"CAMP AND CANON," "ROD AND RIFLE,"  
"THE SEAL-HUNTERS," ETC.

VII.

CHASE OF THE URANG—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Rajah, "I don't reckon you'll be long out of business, so let's meander on into the woods and see what we can see. We'll raise the urang as soon as possible, and then I'm off with you. But don't say so to my men, or there would be bloodshed. The darn fools like me, somehow."

Already the Borni were engaged in burying the dead, but the small band of choice hunters selected by the Rajah took the advance, and then the raiders followed through the woods. And such a forest as it was! The growth was simply wonderful, for in this island are found some of the most remarkable trees to be seen upon the face of the earth. The baobab, the liquidambar and other remarkable forest trees reared their stately heads in air, and the broad leaves of the talipot swayed to and fro before their eyes.

"It's a great kentry, gentlemen," declared Saul—"a mighty kentry, and if you was to put it into the hands of native-born Yankees, twenty years hence you'd see something that would make your eyes stick out. But here; this ain't urang hunting."

He turned to one of the natives and cried out something in the language of the Borni. The man nodded gravely and at once issued his orders to the natives. Twenty or thirty men disappeared into the woods and scattered in every direction. For a time not a sound was broken, and the party awaited in perfect silence, looking in the direction from which the sounds which came to them told that the hunters were closing in, and driving everything before them.

"There goes an old man," cried Will. "Call him in, some one; he might get hurt."

Saul gave utterance to a delighted shout.

"Old man, says you? That's the old man we are after; that's the urang!"

Two or three hundred yards away, crossing an opening, was a bent and decrepit figure—that of an ugly native past the middle age; at least, so it seemed to the boys. But Saul knew otherwise, for the creature they saw was the one known in America as the orangutan, the animal which, before the gorilla, has most human characteristics. He was running across an open space, uttering loud and piercing cries, evidently a signal.

The sharp claws were working furiously, and the creature showed wonderful strength. If he could have reached his knife, a single thrust would have ended it, but he had dropped it while engaged in tying the young urang, and it had gone out of his reach. Again and again the sharp claws tore through his flesh, and he at last began to despair, for the urang was tearing furiously at the hand fastened on her throat, clashing her white teeth together savagely, and uttering the most savage yells. Suddenly the right paw shot down to the earth, and when she raised it she held in her clutch the heavy bowie which Will had dropped!

Of course the creature did not understand the use of the knife, but meant to use it as a club. Holding it as she did, with the edge down, a single blow from the heavy weapon would split his skull like an egg-shell. Will darted up his left hand and caught her by the wrist, but, in doing so, was forced to release his hold upon her throat.

Instantly the long teeth were fastened in the flesh of the forearm which clasped her wrist, and in his agony he released her and the knife was raised in his hand.

At this moment, when there seemed no hope for him, a rush of feet was heard, a revolver cracked so close to him that the powder burnt his tattered sleeve. The jaws of the urang relaxed their grip, the knife dropped from her feeble clutch, and she rolled over on the earth in the agonies of death. It was Ned, who, coming to the aid of his brother, had placed his pistol to the ear of his assailant, and shot her through the head.

At the rest of the party, hearing the shots, came rushing back, only to find the urang dead, and Ned Wade supporting the bleeding form of Will upon his knee, and endeavoring to staunch the flowing blood. It was many a day before the boy was himself again and he had learned a lesson which he would never forget.

Ned was the first of all who had luck. Being a rapid runner he was soon in advance of the rest, passing rapidly through the opening between the great trees. He had got his eyes upon the smaller male of the two they had seen, and by rapid running separated him from his companions. Strange to say, the creature did not take to a tree; he seemed to know there was no safety for him there, and that, if he could not elude his pursuer, he was doomed. As he scuttled through the opening, his long arms swinging and his body half-stooping, he presented a strange appearance. The creature was heading for a heavy growth of underbrush, into which, if he once plunged, it would be next to impossible to follow him, and Ned, slackening his pace, prepared his rifle for a shot, when there started before the creature a couple of half-naked Borni who waved their arms in the air and shouted. With a half-human cry the urang wheeled and came flying back, flourishing his long arms in the air, and evidently driven to desperation.

Ned drew up his rifle and pulled. Under ordinary circumstances he would have been sure of his aim, but, as he had to admit, "it was too much like shooting at a man," so his hand trembled. He did not miss, it is true, but the bullet, instead of passing through the head, as he intended, passed through the huge ear of the wild creature.

The wound seemed to drive the game half-mad, and flourishing his arms like a windmill, he drove straight at Ned. But the Borni rushed in with their spears, fearing for the safety of the boy.

Ned was not at all frightened at the furious appearance of this new ferocious creature; so clubbing his rifle, he delivered a sudden and heavy jabbing blow, which drove the urang several paces backward. Before it could recover Ned had his revolver in his hand, and when it again charged, the weapon cracked twice in rapid succession. At the second discharge the urang leaped into the air, and fell dead in its tracks, shot through the brain. As

Ned advanced to look at the fallen foe he heard a smothered cry for help through the woods to the right, and, grasping his revolver tightly, sprang away in the direction of the sound.

Will, from the very first, had kept his eyes upon one of the young urangs. The boy was full of a naturalist's enthusiasm, and had promised a friend that he would bring him something of this kind, if possible, for his museum. If he could take it alive he counted upon rare sport in its training.

He was next to Ned in the chase, and when the game separated, he had taken up the chase of the bevy which had the young in charge. But they had plunged into the woods, and quickly mounted a great tree, where they lay concealed in the branches, while the sound of pursuit swept by on every side.

Will waited, for he had a great fancy for hunting, and even his adventure with the elephant, when he took refuge in the hollow tree, had not cured him of the propensity. So he stood under the tree, and allowed the rest to pass him, giving no sign to indicate that he had any knowledge of the hiding-place of the urangs.

It was a rather selfish act, and as selfishness is apt to do, it brought its reward in a shape which was far from pleasant to the boy.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, as he balanced his Winchester, "here's the tool that will fix you, my boys; you've got to come out of that, you fools!"

He began to walk about the large tree, with his eyes fixed upon the leaping canary.

The apes had hidden themselves securely, and in spite of his keen eyes he could not see them.

Leahy probably had the devility which belongs naturally to the ape families, but had not shown itself, the boy might have been disappointed in his object; but unfortunately the tree bore a species of nut, which he called to these islands, covered with spike-like projections, and as large as a cocoanut.

Seeing the boy underneath, one of the urangs could not resist the temptation to drop one of the nuts upon his head!

It had no sooner occurred to the urang than the thought was executed, and the great nut came down, true as true, and alighted straight upon the head of the unfortunate.

Only one of the off-crowny hats which he had saved him from serious injury, for the spines were broken in passing through the cap, but, even as it was, he came to the earth with a bump, while a loud chattering from above told that the urangs were exulting over the success of the "drop."

They now began to rain the nuts down so rapidly that Will crept out of the way, but not soon enough to prevent one of the nuts from scoring his right leg, cutting three deep gashes as nearly as if it had been done with a knife.

He said that he was angry would be putting it mildly. He was furious beyond measure, and grasping his rifle again, he got up slowly, with his eye fixed upon the tree, and put the rifle to his shoulder. At the same moment one of the urangs holding one of the nuts by a spike, looked out from among the branches. Will stepped nimbly to meet him, and the creature crawled out further on the branch, holding the "baby" on one arm, and balancing the nut for a tocsin.

At this moment Will discharged his rifle, taking a more careful aim than he had ever taken in his life.

Crack!

The urang dropped the nut and made a wild clutch at the branches above his head, and then came plunging down, turning once in the air and falling flat upon his back, with the little creature still closely clasped. Will ran up and caught up the young urang, the prize for which he had suffered so much, and at the price of a sharp scratch or two succeeded in binding it closely, hand and foot.

The little fiend fought fiercely, and uttered piercing cries.

Will paid no attention to this, but completed his work, and was about to rise when with the savage yell pedaled to the top the mother-ape upon his back. Will whirled quickly and fastened his right hand upon her throat.

In the course of his wanderings it had been the fortune of Will Wade to meet with many wild adventures, but never, perhaps, in all that time, had he met a fiercer foe than this, a mother fighting in defense of her young.

In his first alarm he uttered a cry for help, although he did not look for any. The hunters had all passed, long ago, and were no doubt far away in the forest, beating it for the lost game. He must depend upon himself, and even if he conquered, it must be at some cost.

The sharp claws were working furiously, and the creature showed wonderful strength. If he could have reached his knife, a single thrust would have ended it, but he had dropped it while engaged in tying the young urang, and it had gone out of his reach.

Again and again the sharp claws tore through his flesh, and he at last began to despair, for the urang was tearing furiously at the hand fastened on her throat, clashing her white teeth together savagely, and uttering the most savage yells. Suddenly the right paw shot down to the earth, and when she raised it she held in her clutch the heavy bowie which Will had dropped!

Some one recommended Leahy to duck his head often and keep it wet, but he declined the advice, and did not even plunge in head foremost.

He mentioned one curious fact about this ducking of heads, so often recommended in hot weather to avoid sunstroke. It is that so long as he kept his head dry in swimming he never had a headache, but if he wet his head he always had more or less headache.

This is worth remembering and agrees with the writer's experience, though, of course, constitutes differ.

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